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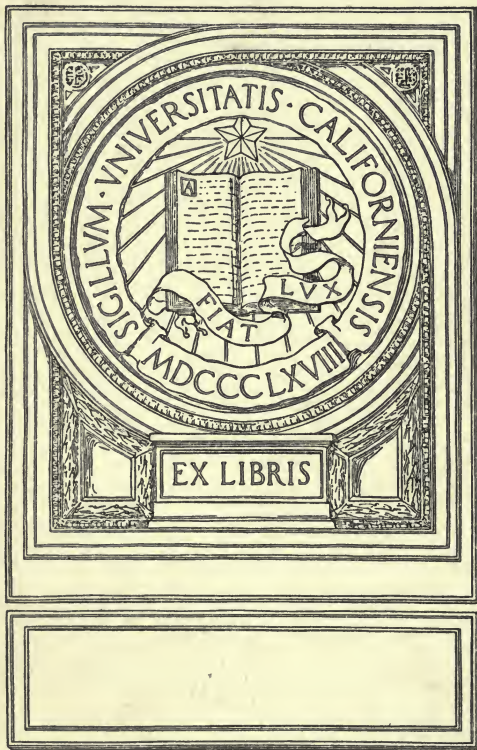
ATLANTIC

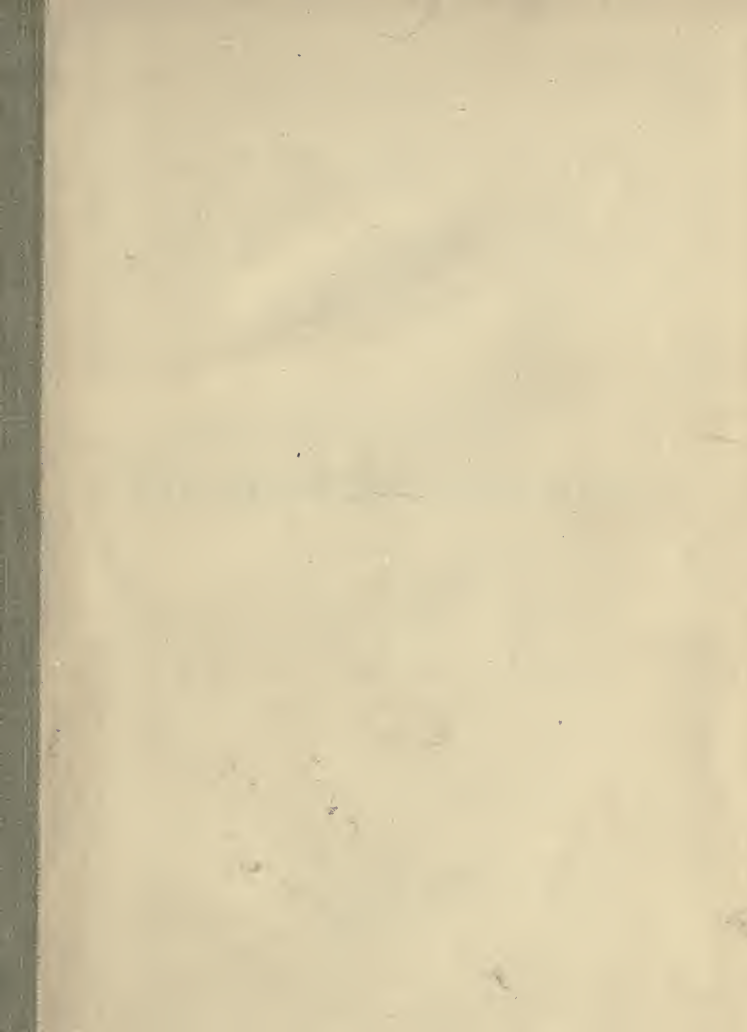


YEAR BOOK

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GIFT OF
Harry East Miller





THE ATLANTIC YEAR BOOK



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The Atlantic Year Book

BEING A COLLECTION OF
QUOTATIONS FROM

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COMPILED BY
TERESA S. FITZPATRICK AND
ELIZABETH M. WATTS



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GIFT OF
Harry East Miller



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1857 — 1920

*For three score years and three
Our own Atlantic, like an unruffled sea,
Hath spread the shining mirror of its page
Before the passing age ;
And there, reflected through the vagrant years,
Wisdom and wit
Have shone from it,
The word that moved to laughter and to tears,
The patriot's call, the vision of the seers.*

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE.

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THE ATLANTIC YEAR BOOK

JANUARY 1

There is too much said at New Year's about turning over a new leaf. Are the old leaves all so badly written that we must hasten to forget them? Is the blank whiteness of the untouched page more pleasant to the eye or more fortifying to the will than those closely written, underlined, untidy, but familiar pages which make up the story of one's life?

BLISS PERRY, *January*, 1907

JANUARY 2

Oh, for the fresh spring-season,
When the groves are in their prime,
And far away in the future,
Is the frosty autumn-time!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, *January*, 1865

JANUARY 3

He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *November*, 1857

THE ATLANTIC

JANUARY 4

There are some men whom a staggering emotional shock, so far from making them mental invalids for life, seems, on the other hand, to awaken, to galvanize, to arouse into an almost incredible activity of soul.

WILLIAM MCFEE, *January, 1920*

JANUARY 5

Some find it "a man-killing job," but it seems to me to be the greatest workaday task that an ambitious person with ideals can find — helping a community and at the same time making a worldly success for one's self. It is a vocation for optimists.

CHARLES H. GRASTY, *November, 1919*

JANUARY 6

The house beautiful resembles the face and form of man. For real beauty requires character; and a home without home features, a home which does not reflect the spirit and tastes of its inmates, is a mere shelter, no matter how costly.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *September, 1918*

JANUARY 7

Oh, I think,
 Though a thousand rivers of grief
 Flood over my head,— though a hill
 Of horror lie on my breast,—
 Something will sing, “Be glad!
 You have had all your heart’s desire:
 The unknown things that you asked
 When you lay awake in the nights,
 Alone, and searching the dark
 For the secret wonder of life.
 You have had them (can you forget?),
 The ancient, beautiful things!”

FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD, *February*, 1918

JANUARY 8

Mothers are the gardeners of the human race. There is no office under the divine government that approaches theirs, because no other is so closely allied to it. The mother’s reward is spiritual, and lies only in the work itself, for she has not the stimulus of an audience, and few indeed are the children who recognize their mother’s struggles, their mother’s sacrifices.

ANNA A. ROGERS, *March*, 1908

JANUARY 9

Willful we are in our infirmity
 Of childish questioning and discontent.
 Whate'er befalls us is divinely meant.
 Thou Truth the clearer for thy mystery!
 Make us to meet what is or is to be
 With fervid welcome, knowing it is sent
 To serve us in some way full excellent,
 Though we discern it all belatedly.
 The rose buds, and the rosè blooms, and the rose
 Bows in the dews, and in its fullness, lo,
 Is in the lover's hands,— then on the breast
 Of her he loves, and there dies. And who knows
 Which fate of all a rose may undergo
 Is fairest, dearest, sweetest, loveliest?

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, *September*, 1898

JANUARY 10

Whoever sings a true song, or pens the humblest
 plodding prose, whether of Achilles, son of Peleus, or
 of John Gilley, a milkman down in Maine, or of the
 toad, or of the bee, has essentially one story to tell,
 and must be a Homer, truly to tell it.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *July*, 1918

JANUARY 11

Not ours the little measure of the years,
 The bitter-sweet of summer that soon wanes,
 The briefer benison of springtime rains;
 Nay, but the thirst of all the living spheres,
 Full-fed with mighty draughts of dark and light,—
 The soul of all the dawns, the love of night,
 The strength of deathless winters, and the boon
 Of endless summer noon.

Look down, from star to star,
 And see the centuries,— a flock of birds, afar.

Afar! But we, each one God's sentinel,
 Lifting on high the torches that are His,
 Look forth to one another o'er the abyss,
 And cry, *Eternity,— and all is well!*

So ever journey we, and only know
 The way is His, and unto Him we go.
 Through all the voiceless desert of the air,
 Through all the star-dust there,
 Where none has ever gone,
 Still singing, seeking still, we wander on and on.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY, *May*, 1895

JANUARY 12

The death of sons and daughters is not the worst calamity that can befall their parents. Perhaps in the crowd at Golgotha the mother of Judas envied Mary, as she stood below her crucified son.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON, *May*, 1917

JANUARY 13

One of the hardest lessons we have to learn in this life, and one that many persons never learn, is to see the divine, the celestial, the pure, in the common, the near at hand,— to see that heaven lies about us here in this world.

JOHN BURROUGHS, *April*, 1908

JANUARY 14

All labor, whether of head or hand, is simply a service, and it is a dishonest service if you exact more than you give, whether in service returned or money paid.

CAROL WIGHT, *January*, 1920

JANUARY 15

History is the threshing — the terrific threshing — of life: that 's history.

EDWARD YEOMANS, *March*, 1920

JANUARY 16

There may be souls that never knew its power, but
I can hardly think there ever was a soul shut in a cave
so darksome, that romance never entered with its touch
of radiance, if only as

A little glooming light, much like a shade.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *July*, 1918

JANUARY 17

O wonder days, when heart and I were young,
And all the world was radiant and new;
When every little common flower that grew
Interpreted to me an unknown tongue,
Or seemed a fairy bell that late had rung
Its silver peal across the morning dew;
When skies were tapestries of living blue,
And stars a mesh of jewels overhung!
Now is my happy youth fulfilled, and I
Am come to mine inheritance of pain;
Yet does the brightness of the days gone by
Still cast a glory over hill and plain;
Still can I go beneath the open sky
And feel the old world young and strange again.

ELIZABETH WILDER, *October*, 1898

T H E A T L A N T I C

JANUARY 18

The ideal life must be that in which every act has a meaning for the whole, in which every purpose comes to fruition. Life is a unity, and responsibility is its watchword: for responsibility means obligation, a bond, one part of life answering to another part, a close-woven texture.

ETHEL PUFFER HOWES, *November, 1911*

JANUARY 19

GREETING to those who know,—
Whose liberated eyes look backward here
And see us as we are! We from below
Need send no pity to those seers, but fear
Lest, guarding not secure our trust, we show
But alien faces to such vision clear,
And see a distance growing in their eyes,
Not born of parting, but of death's surprise.

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT, *September, 1898*

JANUARY 20

Real freedom comes from that mastery, through knowledge, of historic conditions and race character which makes possible a free and intelligent use of experience for the purposes of progress.

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE, *November, 1898*

JANUARY 21

No country which does not care for people of talent
can be called a great country.

MARIA MORAVSKY, *May*, 1919

JANUARY 22

Today, whatever may annoy,
The word for it is Joy, just simple joy:
The joy of life;
The joy of children and of wife;
The joy of bright blue skies;
The joy of rain; the glad surprise
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;
The joy of wingèd things upon their flight;
The joy of noonday, and the tried,
True joyousness of eventide;
The joy of labor and of mirth;
The joy of air, and sea, and earth —
The countless joys that ever flow from Him
Whose vast beneficence doth dim
The lustrous light of day,
And lavish gifts divine upon our way.
Whate'er there be of Sorrow
I'll put off till Tomorrow,
And when Tomorrow comes, why, then
'T will be Today, and Joy again!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, *January*, 1908

T H E A T L A N T I C

JANUARY 23

A woman is never too old to be touched by the faithfulness of an old lover.

EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER, *July*, 1908

JANUARY 24

Old homes among the hills! I love their gardens;
Their old rock-fences that our day inherits;
Their doors, round which the great trees stand like
wardens;
Their paths, down which the shadows march like
spirits;
Broad doors and paths that reach bird-haunted gar-
dens.

Old homes! old hearts! Upon my soul forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter;
Like love, they touch me, through the years that sever,
With simple faith; like friendship, draw me after
The dreamy patience that is theirs forever.

MADISON CAWEIN, *December*, 1898

JANUARY 25

In every circumstance of our lives lies the stirring knowledge that one's own case, however strange, is far from being singular.

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR, *March*, 1918

Y E A R B O O K

JANUARY 26

The spirit of adventure, so nearly universal in youth, commonly is thwarted at every turn. Yet this is one of its finest gifts: when it has gone, life's greatest promise is past.

ARTHUR F. MORGAN, *March*, 1918

JANUARY 27

The excess of sentiment, which is misleading in philanthropy and economics, grows acutely dangerous when it interferes with legislation, or with the ordinary rulings of morality.

AGNES REPPLIER, *May*, 1913

JANUARY 28

Life will give you what you ask of her, if only you ask long enough and plainly enough. At the same time, the prayer to life must be the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed. Though to all prayers the answer usually comes 'with a difference.'

E. NESBIT, *January*, 1912

JANUARY 29

Battle is to a man what developing solution is to a photographic plate. It brings out what's already in him. It gives him nothing new.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL, *September*, 1919

T H E A T L A N T I C

JANUARY 30

Live as if each moment were, not last, for that gives up the future; nor first, for that would relinquish the past; but in the midst of things, enriched by memory, lighted by anticipation, aware of no trivialities, because acknowledging no finality.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *February*, 1912

JANUARY 31

The first American draft took from a little village in Vermont seventeen of her sons. It is not within the bounds of possibility that the intervening years should leave these boys unchanged. Life in the Vermont village must forever afterward be judged at a different angle. It must be tested on the touchstone of Chateau-Thierry and the Argonne Forest.

WILLARD L. SPERRY, *March*, 1919

FEBRUARY 1

Today is the first of February, snowy, brilliant, but dripping with the sound of spring wherever the sun lies warm, and calling with the heart of spring yonder where the crows are assembling. There is spring in the talk of the chickadees outside my window, and in the cheerful bluster of a red squirrel in the hickory.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *February*, 1908

Y E A R B O O K

FEBRUARY 2

The hedge-rows cast a shallow shade
Upon the frozen grass,
But skies at evening song are soft,
And comes the Candlemas.

ARTHUR KETCHUM, *February*, 1904

FEBRUARY 3

The planet's rather pleasant, alluring in its way;
But let the ploughs be idle, and none of us can stay.
Here's where there is no doubting, no ghosts uncertain
stalk,
A-traveling with the plough beam, beneath the sailing
hawk,
Cutting the furrow deep and true where Destiny will
walk.

What is this sudden gayety that shakes the grayest
boughs?
A voice is calling fieldward — 't is time to start the
ploughs!
To set the furrows rolling, while all the old crows nod;
And deep as life, the kernel, to cut the golden sod.
The pen — let nations have it; — we'll plough awhile
for God.

OLIVE TILFORD DORGAN, *May*, 1920

T H E A T L A N T I C

FEBRUARY 4

I do sincerely believe that most of us, shallow and vain as we are, are at bottom more concerned about the nature of truth and beauty than about our own personal failures or successes; the awful terror does not come when we realize that we are not as good as we ought to be or might have been, but when we become suddenly aware that we are not sure what goodness is.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April*, 1919

FEBRUARY 5

Oh God of love and power, remember this,
That we are dust! The earthly and divine
Mix, in our mortal clay, the spirit's bliss
With love all human, such indeed as Thine,
When thou didst consecrate the bridegroom's kiss
By turning Cana's water into wine.

HÉLOISE SOULE, *February*, 1908

FEBRUARY 6

Good talk is like good scenery — continuous, yet constantly varying, and full of the charm of novelty and surprise.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, *December*, 1912

FEBRUARY 7

It is wonderful how large a little bit of a fraction will grow, if you only multiply it enough.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE, *July*, 1895

FEBRUARY 8

A master-thought lives always; it speaks forever in the echoes it evokes.

PERCIVAL LOWELL, *August*, 1909

FEBRUARY 9

Through countryside and teeming towns
The troupes of heroes, trulls, and clowns,
Captains and dames of high degree,
Live out their farce, their tragedy.
Half players in this world-wide show,
Half lookers-on, 't is ours to go
Bewildered, wondering what the scene
And all its pageantry may mean;
Crudely commingled, bad and good,
Nothing complete, naught understood.

To every baffled fugitive
From life's disorder still they give
Laughter and tears,— and grace to see
The truth in life's epitome.

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE, *December*, 1908

FEBRUARY 10

The Mission of the Land is to produce and keep on producing food, live-stock, lumber, and other commodities, for the service of man. He who owns land and is indifferent to this is guilty of a moral wrong; and he who takes good land out of commission and suffers it to lie unproductive and useless is guilty of a greater one.

DAVID BUFFUM, *July*, 1909

FEBRUARY 11

A week-end is wasted unless it produces some piece of real work.

FULL CIRCLE, *January*, 1920

FEBRUARY 12

Earth's is he yet. When from the hill
The warm gold flows, and hollows fill,
The sunlight shines his fame,
The winds blaze Lincoln's name.

Ay, Earth's he is: not hers alone.
Blood of our blood, bone of our bone,
Love folded him to rest
Upon a people's breast.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY, *February*, 1909

FEBRUARY 13

There is no friend like the old friend who has shared
our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome, no homage like his
praise:
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy crown of
gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose, with sweets in
every fold.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *October, 1865*

FEBRUARY 14

The great principle is that the universities must
assume a social responsibility, if they are to protect
their younger men from self-destruction and them-
selves from both dry-rot and desertion.

'THE PROFESSOR,' *August, 1919*

FEBRUARY 15

One of the advantages of living long in the world is
that one steadily acquires an increasingly interesting
point of view. Even in middle life one begins to see
for one's self the evolution of things. One gets a
glimpse of the procession of events, the march of the
generations.

CORNELIA A. P. COMER, *February, 1911*

FEBRUARY 16

The maxim of the Quiestists is, that, when we have acted according to the best light we have, we have expressed the will of God under those circumstances,—since, had it been otherwise, more and different light would have been given us; and with the will of God done by ourselves as by Himself, it is our duty to be content.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *September, 1865*

FEBRUARY 17

Wrapped ever in an impenetrable cloak of darkness and silence, life was yet one great activity, directed, ordered, commanded by scent and odor alone. Hour after hour, as I sat close to the ant nest, I was aware of this odor, sometimes subtle, again wafted in strong successive waves, and in vain I strove to realize the importance of this faint essence, taking the place of sound, of language, of color, of motion, of form.

WILLIAM BEEBE, *October, 1919*

FEBRUARY 18

Somehow, in poetry, as nowhere else, there flows along, side by side with words skillfully used, a current that carries us beyond the intrinsic value of the sense.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *October, 1919*

FEBRUARY 19

If this world affords true happiness, it is to be found in a home where love and confidence increase with years, where the necessities of life come without severe strain, where luxuries enter only after their cost has been carefully considered. We are told that wealth is a test of character — few of us have to submit to it. Poverty is the more usual test. It is difficult to be very poor and maintain one's self-respect.

A. EDWARD NEWTON, *September*, 1917

FEBRUARY 20

Many earnest persons, who have found direct education for themselves fruitless and unprofitable, declare that they first began to learn when they began to teach, and that in the education of others they discovered the secret of their own.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, *May*, 1920

FEBRUARY 21

One of the paradoxical elements in the political psychology of the day is our incredible gullibility. Our politics is the very spoil of charlatanry. Our thinking is sublimely free of thought. And, to use a Nietzscheism, we are all the prey of a will-to-be hoaxed.

HERBERT WILTON STANLEY, *July*, 1919

FEBRUARY 22

Not honored then or now because he wooed
 The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
 Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
 Who was all this, and ours, and all men's,—Wash-
 ington.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *August, 1875*

FEBRUARY 23

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail," but the dictionary makes up for this deficiency. It is particularly rich in words descriptive of our failures. . . . After Goodness come Goodness and Goody-goodness; we see Sanctity and Sanctimoniousness, Piety and Pietism, Grandeur and Grandiosity, Sentiment and Sentimentality.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *November, 1908*

FEBRUARY 24

There is one thing which we can confidently assert: anything taught us by faith alone is nearer the vital truth than anything taught us by reason alone. It is sure to have at least the element of truth that the human heart reaches out to it.

CORNELIA THROOP GREER, *June, 1919*

FEBRUARY 25

To press a joy from little things:—
From feet that fall in time,
From daylong silent fashionings
Of some heart-hidden rhyme;

From shapes of leaves and clouds and snow,
From others' brighter eyes,
From thinking, "I am dull, I know,
But some are glad and wise."

This is one way of Joy, I know,
Yet I desire, desire,
To go the way a god might go,
Through Love and Life and Fire.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS, *March*, 1908

FEBRUARY 26

Throw away the key that memory hands us to what seems in retrospect a Paradise indeed; then fling open the portals of the mind and let the Spirit of the Time fly in; for it is not by shutting our eyes to the fact that we live in a new world, that we can cheat ourselves into believing that we are surrounded by the old standards, and steering by the old chart.

MR. GRUNDY, *May*, 1920

FEBRUARY 27

Our own time furnishes its particular pattern of those noble ideals toward which man's life-endeavor always moves, but patterns are imperfect; if only we could slip back into another day, when great spirits defined law and justice and beauty according to their vision, should we not gain their image too, and, by adding it to our own, know more of the truth than any men before us had been able to know?

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April*, 1919

FEBRUARY 28

It is curious and it is instructive to remark how heartily men, as they grow towards middle age, despise themselves as they were a few years since. It is a bitter thing for a man to confess that he is a fool; but it costs little effort to declare that he was a fool a good while ago.

ANONYMOUS, *August*, 1861

MARCH 1

Wealth which is non-existent cannot be divided. Our estate contains resources abundantly ample for all legitimate satisfactions of a population many times as numerous as that which it now supports. But undeveloped resources are not wealth.

ARTHUR D. LITTLE, *March*, 1919

MARCH 2

Those who resist authority when it encroaches upon the legitimate sphere of the individual are performing a service to society, however little society may value it. In regard to the past, this is universally acknowledged; but it is no less true in regard to the present and the future.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, *July*, 1917

MARCH 3

Man is the Hour-glass of God!
And grain by grain his being flows
Out of the globe of surface shows
Into the globe below the sod!

Clear of the sunken sands of strife,
God turns below the body's bowl —
And so upturns Man's crystal soul,
Brimmed with the golden grains of life!

R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER, *December*, 1908

MARCH 4

If a book is dull, that is a matter between itself and its maker; but if it makes me duller than I should otherwise have been, I have a grievance.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *September*, 1916

MARCH 5

Fine as friendship is, there is nothing irrevocable about it. The bonds of friendship are not iron bonds, proof against the strongest of strains and the heaviest of assaults. A man by becoming your friend has not committed himself to all the demands which you may be pleased to make upon him. The truth is, that friendships are fragile things, and require as much care in handling as any other fragile and precious thing.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, *December, 1912*

MARCH 6

To my mind there are only two kinds of aristocracy, the aristocracy of the mind, and the aristocracy of the soul — of those who are noble in spirit. I think there is nothing more commonplace than those who allow themselves to depend upon their so-called “high birth.”

RADEN ADJENG KARTINI, *November, 1919*

MARCH 7

Do not be so absorbed in your favorite study that you shall not also have an eye and a heart for matters pertaining to the general welfare.

ANONYMOUS, *August, 1865*

MARCH 8

The great men of the future can reach out no hand to us, but those of the past can, by the dear grace of books, open the gate to our eyes if not to our feet; we do not go through and mingle with the crowd, to be sure, but at least we can look on, and when the gate swings shut, and we come back, our own life is a little clearer and sweeter.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April*, 1919

MARCH 9

It is only during a heated campaign that we think of all the opposing party as rascals. There is time between elections to make the necessary exceptions.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *May*, 1904

MARCH 10

Last night I gazed upon the world, wrapped in her moon-veil mysterious, and said, "How perfect! 'T is like heaven." But — is heaven like this? Or do the dead gaze out upon heaven as I upon the world, and say, "How perfect! 'T is like a higher heaven!" Always and always reaching on and on, beyond perfection that is no longer perfection, to that perfection which, too, ends in a doubt?

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD, *April*, 1919

T H E A T L A N T I C

MARCH 11

There is general agreement, except perhaps on the part of a few wayward ascetics, not only that health is a blessing, but that to the want of it may safely be ascribed no inconsiderable part of our present ethical and social problems.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, *April*, 1919

MARCH 12

If we would attain to happiness and to a Christian technique, we must govern our behavior to each other by the axiom that no man is to be judged by his past; that we can help each other to freedom, to life in the present, to the creative power latent in ourselves, by forgiving always, not with ceremony, as if we were doing something unnaturally good, but as a matter of course and with a smile, as a mother forgives her child; as the father forgave the son in the parable; as people forgive each other in the operas of Mozart.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *December*, 1919

MARCH 13

When one grows up with mountains rather than molehills against which to measure one's self, one's importance becomes amusingly small.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE, *December*, 1917

MARCH 14

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *February*, 1858

MARCH 15

Man has been called "the representative product of the universe"; and we do well to remember that in this position his actions represent the worst of which nature is capable, as well as the best. He summarizes her goods and he summarizes her evils.

L. P. JACKS, *August*, 1918

MARCH 16

The world is very beautiful in the tender early morning, with a mist over her waking eyes. And the little birds twitter, while the insects begin to awaken. The smell of it, too — the good, fresh, green earth, just waking to another day!

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD, *April*, 1919

MARCH 17

Those who cannot feel pain are not capable, either, of feeling joy.

RADEN ADJENG KARTINI, *December, 1919*

MARCH 18

Crime, poverty, and the wretchedness of personal dependence, have a close relation to bad bodily states. Most of our daily irritations and wrangles spring from physical depression. And from the same cause come boredom and hysteria.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, *April, 1919*

MARCH 19

It is clearly the business of the mind to build it more stately mansions as the swift seasons roll. For the mind cannot remain fixed, no matter what the psalmist thought about the heart. Ourselves, like everything and everybody else, must change.

EDGAR J. GOODSPEED, *March, 1919*

MARCH 20

Next to family affection, health, and the love of work, does anything contribute so much to the pleasantness of life, restoring and raising our self-esteem, as the traffic in kind speeches?

LUCY ELLIOT KEELER, *September, 1917*

MARCH 21

The sweetest sound our whole year round —
'T is the first robin of the spring!
The song of the full orchard choir
Is not so fine a thing.

The veil is parted wide, and lo,
A moment, though my eyelids close,
Once more I see that wooded hill,
Where the arbutus grows.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, *May*, 1877

MARCH 22

At times the revolutionist has won ascendancy and has struck tangents away from the ordered path of progress. But eventually he blunders back, and evolution again grinds forward. . . . And though the trails of theory may be many, the trails of action all return to evolution.

HERBERT WILTON STANLEY, *March*, 1919

MARCH 23

Life is stronger than we are and more powerful: we cannot destroy it, and we cannot thwart it: . . . it is strange and wonderful and eternal.

LISA YSAVE TARLEAU, *February*, 1920

MARCH 24

Rupert Brooke was something more than a mere poetaster himself; though, apart from his personal beauty,— which gave him an unfair advantage,— for long he by no means outshone his multitudinous rivals. Men — and women still more — recognized in his face the poet of their dreams, read his verses in the light of that vision glorious, and trumpeted him as the master he was not.

The war touched him to immortality.

ALFRED OLLIVANT, *February, 1916*

MARCH 25

I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree-tops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men.

JOHN BURROUGHS, *May, 1912*

MARCH 26

Our climate is a series of surprises, and among our many prognostics of the weather, the only trustworthy one that I know is that, when it is warm, it is a sign that it is going to be cold.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *November, 1904*

MARCH 27

I say wisdom is gathered on foot, along country roads. Collect your ideas where you can: from alley, boulevard, office, lecture hall, theatre, dinner-table, library, wharf, picture-gallery, street-car, opera-house, curbstone; or court-room; but test them on the road. Confronted with the realities of soil and salt water and the character shaped by these, they will look vastly less momentous or vastly more so.

SEYMOUR DEMING, *July*, 1916

MARCH 28

Life deals out her little bits with a generous hand, no matter how sparing she may be of her wholes.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *March*, 1920

MARCH 29

In the city I fear I should have difficulty in feeling the close, intimate presence of God: but out here in the wild country, it seems the most natural thing in the world. No wonder the Indians named Him the Great Spirit, for here, with the vast expanse of cloud-filled sky above me, and the vast expanse of earth about me, I feel the Great Spirit around me, in me, and through me.

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD, *September*, 1919

MARCH 30

On the sun-dial in the garden
The great sun keeps the time;
A faint, small, moving shadow,
And we know the worlds are in rime;

And if once that shadow should falter
By the space of a child's eye-lash,
The seas would devour the mountains,
And the stars together crash.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, *July*, 1908

MARCH 31

Being a parent used to be one of the most simple,
natural, and inevitable developments in the world.
But nowadays, one has no business to be married,
unless, sleeping and waking, one is conscious of the
responsibility.

ABRAHAM FLEXNER, *July*, 1916

APRIL 1

Each day a little later now
Lingers the westering sun;
Far out of sight the miracles
Of April are begun.

ARTHUR KETCHUM, *February*, 1904

APRIL 2

Let me lose count of all my sorrows, Lord,
And even my joys: oh, let me number not
These, nor measure out my lot;
Nor say, "Here it fell short," "There it was large or
small,"
"Here did the mercies thick or scantily fall."
Teach me to watch the countless heavens instead—
Unnumbered.
Who reckoneth thy stars?

Laura Spencer Portor, *September*, 1919

APRIL 3

Constant striving for the unobtainable frequently
results in neglect of important matters close at hand.

A. Edward Newton, *September*, 1917

APRIL 4

April has searched the winter land,
And found her petted flowers again.
She kissed them to unfold their leaves;
She coaxed them with her sun and rain,
And filled the grass with green content,
And made the woods and clover vain.

H. R. Hudson, *April*, 1868

APRIL 5

Two persons who do not part with kisses should part with haste.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *May*, 1917

APRIL 6

The basis of all religion is mystery, and all about yon isolated farm toiler is the mystery growth. Above his head the great sun, a disk of flaming brass, rolls up and down the lonely heavens, and, like the judgment eye of God, glares down at him. But yesterday that sky was loud with fire,—ripped thunder-clouds,—and the man who can face all this is religious, and will be, though for him there is no God but Jehovah, and Calvin be his prophet.

CLYDE L. DAVIS, *October*, 1919

APRIL 7

True democracy is not a flattening, leveling process. True democracy must build up to the highest powers of serviceability the most promising individuals. It must develop them under the essentially democratic teaching that, however great their powers or their freedom, they cannot live to themselves alone, but must devote all their powers to the good of their fellows.

EDWARD WILSON PARMELEE, *January*, 1920

APRIL 8

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine,—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.

And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity,—
A little strip of sea.

LUCY LARCOM, *December*, 1870

APRIL 9

After our essential wants are provided for, there is no greater satisfaction in life than reverence, and there is no human faculty that has a wider field in the world around us, in the heaven above us, and in the hearts and arts of our fellowmen and women.

CAROL WIGHT, *January*, 1920

APRIL 10

Away with clocks and sun-dials! Time and I
Have made a compact — this to be my boon —
To hear the evening thrush, and know the hour,
Yet feel it noon.

JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN, *April*, 1912

APRIL 11

You struggled blindly for my soul,
And wept for me such bitter tears,
That through your faith my faith grew whole
And fearless of the coming years.

For in the path of doubt and dread
You would not let me walk alone,
But prayed the prayers I left unsaid
And sought the God I did disown.

You gave to me no word of blame,
But wrapped me in your love's belief,—
Dear love, that burnt my sin like flame,
And left me worthy of your grief.

HESTER I. RADFORD, *February, 1910*

APRIL 12

It is as painful to be tyrannized over by a proletariat as by a tsar or a corporation, and in a measure more disconcerting, because of the greater incohesion of the process. It is as revolting to be robbed by a reformer as by a trust.

AGNES REPPLIER, *December, 1919*

APRIL 13

Going to the woods is going home; for I suppose we came from the woods originally.

JOHN MUIR, *April*, 1900

APRIL 14

Listen to words and you will hear words; listen to voices and you will hear reality.

HAROLD GODDARD, *July*, 1918

APRIL 15

The most civilized state will be that wherein is found the greatest proportionate number of happy, healthy, wise, and gentle citizens.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *February*, 1920

APRIL 16

To talk religion sanctimoniously is intolerable, but the most worldly-minded man will enjoy the conversation of one who without pretense talks religiously.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *September*, 1919

APRIL 17

Home is the place where we should expect to live somewhat on the credit which a full knowledge of each other's goodness and worth inspires.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *July*, 1865

APRIL 18

It is the greatest of all lies that any two human beings can think alike in everything.

RADEN ADJENG KARTINI, *November, 1919*

APRIL 19

Strike stone on steel,
Fire replies.
Strike men that feel,
The answer is in their eyes.

You shape by stroke on stroke
Man mightier than he knew;
But the fire your hammer woke
Is a life that is death to you.

LAURENCE BINYON, *July, 1918*

APRIL 20

The soft thud and patter of rain upon the roof are as musical to the imaginative listener as is any symphony. Monotonous dripping on thick-leaved trees soothes one's weariness, and makes the importunities of life seem easily resisted. One can be lulled to fair visions during a transient spring shower, and gain the sense of sharing the destiny of nature.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April, 1911*

Y E A R B O O K

APRIL 21

Music must be taught — if it is to be adequately taught — by those, and those only, who are much more than musicians.

EDWARD YEOMANS, *March*, 1920

APRIL 22

Methought I saw a robin's wing
Among the budding trees!
What need of chilly lingering
Mid wintry reveries,
When life is at the edge of spring?

FLORENCE CONVERSE, *January*, 1912

APRIL 23

I would rather die, cut off in youth, having pulsed with the heart of a world-ideal, than live forever,—hibernate,—shut off in thought and sympathy from the highest resolve of the human family.

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD, *April*, 1919

APRIL 24

Of all the men I have known, I cannot recall one whose mother did her level best for him when he was little who did not turn out well when he grew up.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES, *February*, 1920

APRIL 25

Grown folks believe they are eager to see the world-triumph of brotherly love, yet they talk about each other and talk to children as if the old conditions of tribal defense were in full control.

'Boys,' *March*, 1920

APRIL 26

A rainstorm in the Desert of Arabia would drive the natives wild with awe and delight; but a rainstorm in Boston only makes the inhabitants feel like swearing.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE, *July*, 1895

APRIL 27

The only duty of friendship is that we and our friends should live at our highest and best when together. Having achieved that, we have fulfilled the law.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, *December*, 1912

APRIL 28

When human or national characteristics are brought into close association, by work or suffering or fighting for a common purpose, the result is not a mechanical mixture, . . . but has the nature of a chemical combination — indeed, of a union yet more intimate than that.

L. P. JACKS, *August*, 1918

Y E A R B O O K

APRIL 29

Society cannot exist without law and order, and cannot advance except through the initiative of vigorous innovators.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, *July, 1917*

APRIL 30

Boys and girls should be taught to think first of others in material things: they should be infected with the wisdom to know that in making smooth the way of all lies the road to their own health and happiness.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *February, 1920*

MAY 1

Nations, like men, can be healthy and happy, though comparatively poor. . . .

Wealth is a means to an end, not the end itself. As a synonym for health and happiness, it has had fair trial, and failed dismally.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *February, 1920*

MAY 2

Discontent, properly directed, is a great constructive force. Only when no way seems open to its relief does it become destructive.

ARTHUR D. LITTLE, *March, 1919*

T H E A T L A N T I C

MAY 3

Life offers us all the chance of escape. Go where we will on the surface of things, men have been there before us; but beneath the surface we need go no deeper than our own hearts to find a frontier, and that adventurous something for which the decorous and conventional allows no place in its scheme.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *October, 1917*

MAY 4

To be dissatisfied with present attainments, with earthly things and scenes, to aspire and press on to something forever fair, yet forever receding before our steps,—this is the teaching of Christianity, and the work of the Christian.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *September, 1865*

MAY 5

My heart expands to meet the little flowers that shall some day bloom for me, as I think of all I want them to do for me. I must be ambitious; if I am to associate with their teeming, striving life; but also very calm when I come into their silence, their still rapture in the hot sunshine, their patient endurance of drought, their quiet, steadfast growth.

ELIZABETH COOLIDGE, *June, 1911*

Y E A R B O O K

MAY 6

Every drop of our being — every smallest offering that we ever make — is known of Thee and gathered up into Thy everlasting treasuries, and Thou — the Gift of all our hearts — art worthy, beyond all power to express, of the uttermost that a man may offer.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE, *March*, 1919

MAY 7

Remember this: a parrot does not become a man by learning to say "Polly wants a cracker," or to swear like a sailor.

JOHN KULAMER, *March*, 1920

MAY 8

The art of puttering consists of doing for yourself, slowly and inefficiently, what you can pay some one else to do for you, quickly and well. It is hard work that you do not have to do, strenuous loafing that invites the soul.

ATKINSON KIMBALL, *October*, 1911

MAY 9

The sun seems to rise and to set, but it really does not. Some day it will rise for everybody, and when it does it will never set again.

CAROL WIGHT, *January*, 1920

MAY 10

Let me not weigh the gift I give or take;
Nor call one great, nor mourn the other small;
Exalt, abase myself, nor any man. Lord, break,
 Break Thou my measurements,
 And put them far from me.

Take numbers, measures, reckonings away:
Leave me instead the countless Stars, the boundless
 Sea,
The imponderable Night, and veiled and gifted Day,
And Death beneficent that waits on Thee —
Thee, Lord, whose gifts no man may mete nor weigh.
Who measureth Thy love and mercy, Lord?

Laura Spencer Portor, *September*, 1919

MAY 11

The life of the laborers cannot be studied from the outside. He who would learn the truth about the lower levels of our social structure, and at the same time learn something of life in its simplest elements, must put aside luxury and prejudice, steel his pampered mind against monotony, and earn his daily bread by the work of his hands.

Cecil Fairfield Lavelle, *May*, 1919

Y E A R B O O K

MAY 12

Here is a suggestion. Let a man gifted with very great ability, who has used every talent to develop large enterprises with success, and won great riches, set an example of high civic virtue, and help in the making of our nation by the use of his talents in spending all his fortune during his lifetime.

HENRY L. HIGGINSON, *March*, 1911

MAY 13

Motherhood always has been, and always will be, the greatest factor in civilization.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES, *February*, 1920

MAY 14

Start the flame of life going, and the rest may be explained in terms of chemistry; start the human body developing, and physiological processes explain its growth; but why it becomes a man and not a monkey — what explains that?

JOHN BURROUGHS, *April*, 1913

MAY 15

I have a suspicion that stupidity is the real root of most chronic heaviness of soul.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *November*, 1914

MAY 16

The old-fashioned woman put up with all kinds of faults, sometimes with all kinds of crimes: she suffered indignities, and allowed her children to suffer abuse, because she was afraid of losing her means of support.

FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES, *February*, 1920

MAY 17

Liberalism offers a programme of rationalized change. It rejects the blind blundering of revolution; it substitutes the reasoned mechanisms of evolution.

HERBERT WILTON STANLEY, *March*, 1919

MAY 18

Man will ever approach perfection in proportion to the wisdom with which he grasps the permanent ends of his life, and subordinates all means to those ends, the justice with which he weighs the interests of his fellows in the same scales as his own, the courage with which he greets all pains incidental to the prosecution of his own ends and those of his fellows, and the temperance with which he cuts off whatever pleasure proves inconsistent with the steadfast adherence to these personal and social ends.

WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, *July*, 1901

MAY 19

The world, indeed, moves under the impulses of youth to realize the ideals of youth. It has youth for its beginning and youth for its end; for youth is alive, and progress is but the movement of life to attain fuller, higher, and more vivid life.

EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE, *July*, 1865

MAY 20

Today my cabbages are up! Ranks and ranks of them! Such a merry little green company, but terrible, I hope, as an army with banners. O proud Prussians! Are you to be beaten by cabbages? Hoist with your own sauerkraut? And O prophetic Walrus! The time has indeed come when one talks of cabbages and kings in the same breath.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE, *September*, 1917

MAY 21

So long as one's ideals are beyond him, ahead of him, rather than cast aside or forgotten, he is sure to be an inadequate representation of what he wants to be, uneven and distorted in one way or another, and hence a caricature.

ELLWOOD HENDRICK, *July*, 1912

MAY 22

It is a great step gained, when one has shaken off the bondage of feeling obliged to comprehend at once everything that one admires.

MARTHA BAKER DUNN, *January*, 1900

MAY 23

One thing the war has taught us is, that there is no death. The old distinction between life and death exists no longer. We do not mourn our dead as formerly, because the dead, we know, live on.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER, *January*, 1920

MAY 24

The finest flower of democracy is not drab equality, but *noblesse oblige*. This is a spiritual force for raising men, not for leveling them.

EDWARD WILSON PARMELEE, *January*, 1920

MAY 25

The man who works and exacts and analyses and purposes is the man who succeeds,—as the world counts success,—yet it is none the less true that

“A dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.”

MARTHA BAKER DUNN, *January*, 1900

MAY 26

As each slipped from the place
Where all had walked with me,
I, on each passing face,
Saw immortality.

MARGARET SHERWOOD, *August*, 1912

MAY 27

A dining-room table with children's eager, hungry faces around it, ceases to be a mere dining-room table, and becomes an altar. Dinner is not a mere replenishing of the physiological furnaces; it partakes of the nature of a sacrament, with the mother as the high priestess, and the father,—well, let us call him the tithe gatherer.

SIMEON STRUNSKY, *December*, 1913

MAY 28

Life, like Law and Matter, is all of one piece. The horse in my stable, the robin, the toad, the beetle, the vine in my garden, the garden itself, and I together with them all, come out of the same divine breath; we have our beings under the same divine law; only they do not know that the law, the breath, and the dust, are divine.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *August*, 1909

MAY 29

What men need now all over the world, and especially in America, is not only permission for free discussion, but a recognition that the positive encouragement of free discussion, and the provision of practical opportunities for it, are vital necessities.

GRAHAM WALLAS, *January, 1920*

MAY 30

From out our crowded calendar
 One day we pluck to give;
 It is the day the Dying pause
 To honor those who live.

McLANDBURGH WILSON, *May, 1905*

MAY 31

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
 On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
 Where foes no more molest,
 Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Your silent tents of green
 We deck with fragrant flowers;
 Yours has the suffering been,
 The memory shall be ours.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, *June, 1882*

JUNE 1

We traveled through the soundless night,
 And breathed the fragrant June,
 Tumultuous fragrance, flooded bright
 With an unwaning moon;
 Till from the whitened field the wood
 Rose dark along the hill,—
 And there with sudden joy we stood
 To hear thee, whip-poor-will!

JOHN ERSKINE, *May*, 1908

JUNE 2

We expect of ourselves something more than a grim
 gameness or pathetic visions — even disciplines and
 sacrifices, for the joy that is set before us.

W. M. GAMBLE, *December*, 1912

JUNE 3

Religion is intended as a blessing to mankind, a
 bond between all the creatures of God. They should
 be as brothers and sisters, not because they have the
 same human parents, but because they are all children
 of one Father, of him who is enthroned in the heavens
 above. Brothers and sisters must love one another,
 help, strengthen, and support one another.

RADEN ADJENG KARTINI, *November*, 1919

JUNE 4

We are all bound together: the world is one and indivisible, and it is impossible to escape the common fate of the world.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON, *May*, 1920

JUNE 5

Beauty is not in itself a virtue, but only an ornament to virtue.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE, *July*, 1895

JUNE 6

Some spirit in me leaps to bend the knee
 In utter gratitude and love and praise
 For all the wondrous beauty of the days
 That God has given to earth; and given to me.

AMORY HARE COOK, *June*, 1915

JUNE 7

If the law were to edict that man and wife should never be together for more than six months in the year, it would be broken every day, and men and women would stand hunger and stripes to come together for twelve months in twelve. If love of home were made a crime, a family life would arise more touching than anything Queen Victoria ever dreamed.

W. L. GEORGE, *November*, 1916

JUNE 8

Life is a clearing in a wood,
 Where stays, mid-flight, the Soul — a thrush
 Bathes in the beam and finds it good,
 Peoples with song the solitude,
 Then, singing, dares the dark, the hush.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, *March*, 1910

JUNE 9

We are told that the world is hungering for great leaders. It hungers no less for great followers, without whom the great leaders are unthinkable. There will be neither the one nor the other . . . until follower and leaders have ceased to regard each other as utilities; until nations can say to nations "The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me."

L. P. JACKS, *September*, 1919

JUNE 10

The luxury of all summer's sweet sensation is to be found when one lies at length in the warm, fragrant grass, soaked with sunshine, aware of regions of blossoming clover and of a high heaven filled with the hum of innumerable bees.

HARRIET E. PRESCOTT, *August*, 1865

JUNE 11

Three blossoms in a happy garden grow,
 Have care, for this one, lo, is white as any snow:
 Its name is Peace.

Three flowers,— and one, in hue, a delicate gold;
 A harsh breath, then its golden leaves shall droop and
 fold:
 Its name is Joy.

Three flowers,— and one is crimson, rich and strong;
 This will, if well entreated, all others outlive long:
 Its name is Love.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, *July*, 1908

JUNE 12

There are not enough lovers of beauty among men.
 Not enough who want the green hill far away, who
 naturally hate disharmony, and the greed, ugliness,
 restlessness, cruelty, which are its parents and children.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *April*, 1919

JUNE 13

The man who hates a dog is abnormal, and cannot
 help it.

HENRY C. MERWIN, *January*, 1910

JUNE 14

Charmed into silence lay
 The forest, dimly lit:
 No wind that summer day
 Moved the least leaf of it;

No choric branches stirred
 Its calm profound and deep,
 Nor voice of any bird;
 But silence dreamed like sleep

Like dew upon the grass
 It fell upon my soul;
 Loosed it to soar and pass
 Beyond the stars' control.

Vague memories it woke,
 Shapes far too frail for touch;
 And then the silence broke,
 Lest I should learn too much.

FREDERIC MANNING, *July*, 1909

JUNE 15

It is one of the curious things in life how sure we are
 of the future, and how seldom the future bears us out.

ROBERT BEVERLY HALE, *July*, 1895

JUNE 16

The man who is most at ease with himself is he who knows himself to be an absurd creature, the mere raw material of a self, and who is always good-humored with himself, even in his worst failures, because he expects them. So with the same good humor we may be at ease with each other; and out of this good humor, this sense of human inadequacy as something absurd, yet delightful, because full of infinite promise, love will spring.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *December*, 1919

JUNE 17

Frank-hearted hostess of the field and wood,
Gypsy whose roof is every spreading tree,
June is the pearl of our New England year.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *June*, 1868

JUNE 18

The power to see the truth and to deal out justice to many men of many virtues and faults is difficult, and humility in the face of great problems as yet unsolved is needed, if our rulers, wishing to do their full duty and to be honored in the future, are to be called not only able but wise.

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON, *January*, 1908

JUNE 19

Faith is not so much believing as the ability to believe; many a man has faith who has no creed. And if, in this larger sense, he have no faith, God help him!

CORNELIA THROOP GEER, *June*, 1919

JUNE 20

I have not been going about searching with my small lantern for an honest man so much as for one to whom I may myself be honest.

EDITH M. THOMAS, *December*, 1895

JUNE 21

Yes! they are here again, the long, long days
After the days of winter, pinched and white:
Soon with a thousand minstrels comes the light
Late, the sweet robin-haunted dusk delays.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, *May*, 1874

JUNE 22

The Idealist is the kind of man we need. He is not satisfied with things as they are. He is one

Whose soul sees the perfect

Which his eyes seek in vain.

If a more perfect society is to come, it must be through the efforts of persons capable of such visions.

SAMUEL MCCORD CROTHERS, *November*, 1908

JUNE 23

There has been no step onward in the march of knowledge, save over the body of some martyred torchbearer.

CLIFFORD HOWARD, *January, 1910*

JUNE 24

In this land of opportunity the person who first sees an opportunity should take it, asking no questions as to why he came by it. It is his right by discovery.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *March, 1912*

JUNE 25

Just one sort of man has the right to criticise and to be heard — the man who has earned the right by making some positive contribution himself to an inevitable and superlatively important problem.

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, *December, 1911*

JUNE 26

The way to make a man repent is to forgive him before he repents, as we ourselves would wish to be forgiven, and to forgive him, not as a surprising act of virtue, but in good humor, because we are all absurd and all need forgiveness.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *December, 1919*

JUNE 27

Blessed are they whose furniture is so inexpensive or so shabby that children and dogs are not excluded from its sacred precincts.

HENRY C. MERWIN, *January*, 1910

JUNE 28

Faith lasts, and reason fails. With all their incongruities, it is the things of the spirit which have stood the test of time.

CORNELIA THROOP GEER, *June*, 1919

JUNE 29

As I crossed the country, and saw the schoolhouse standing out in every tiniest hamlet, as the village church does in England, I learned that America stood by education; and a year later, when I saw what manner of men answered the call of the draft, I learned that education stood by America.

LUCY H. M. SOULSBY, *February*, 1919

JUNE 30

The spirit of democracy is the fruit of education, and never an inheritance, unless an education can be inherited, devised by will, and blessed upon a child by laying-on of hands.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *November*, 1919

JULY 1

I put my heart to school
In the world, where men grow wise.
“Go out,” I said, “and learn the rule;
Come back when you win a prize.”

My heart came back again.
“Now where is the prize?” I cried.
“The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher’s name was Pride.”

I put my heart to school
In the woods, where veeries sing,
And brooks run cool and clear;
In the fields, where wild flowers spring,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
“Go out,” I said: “you are half a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here.”

“And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?”
The answer came with a laugh and a song,—
“I find this school is home.”

HENRY VAN DYKE, *April*, 1901

JULY 2

If, for national reasons, woman should become untrue to the highest instincts of her nature, which lead her to give the race only children of love, she will sink so deep that neither the right to vote nor any other rights will be able to help her.

ELLEN KEY, *June*, 1916

JULY 3

We know but this: a glint afar
Through darkness of a heavenly light;
Beyond that star another night;
Beyond that night another star.

JOHN HALL INGHAM, *February*, 1901

JULY 4

This is the land we love, our heritage,
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage
And full of promise,— destined to be great.
Drink to Our Native Land! God Bless the State!

ROBERT BRIDGES, *January*, 1902

JULY 5

Some of the sharpest men in argument are notoriously unsound in judgment.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *November*, 1857

JULY 6
RESIDUE

Memory, what wilt thou,
 Troubled and forlorn?
When the year gives roses,
 Wherefore choose the thorn?
"T is for thee I suffer,"
 Memory sighed apart;
"Thou hast had the sweetness,
 I must bear the smart!"

Memory, what wilt thou,
 Restless, ill at ease?
When the new wine sparkles,
 Wherefore drink the lees?
"T is for thee I suffer,"
 Memory sighed again;
"Thou hast had the sweetness,
 I the dregs must drain!"

KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD, *February*, 1875

JULY 7

By faith you can move mountains; but the important thing is, not to move the mountains, but to have the faith.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *July*, 1919

JULY 8

States should spend money and effort as freely on this great all-underlying matter of spiritual education as they have hitherto spent them on beating and destroying each other.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *February*, 1920

JULY 9

How many live a stingy and niggardly life in regard to their richest inward treasure! They live with those they love dearly, whom a few more words and deeds expressive of this love would make so much happier, richer, and better; and they cannot, will not, turn the key and give it out. People who in their very souls really do love, esteem, reverence, almost worship each other, live a barren, chilly life side by side, busy, anxious, preoccupied, letting their love go by as a matter of course, a last year's growth, with no present buds and blossoms.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *April*, 1865

JULY 10

Whatever be the origin or extent of the mental habitations that we occupy, for their furniture we are responsible.

EDGAR J. GOODSPEED, *March*, 1919

JULY 11

I have loved my country in the intimate depths of her divine beauty; but above all things I have loved the human race and the triumph of ideals that can be won only by conflict.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER, *July*, 1919

JULY 12

O Soul, thy multitudinous happenings,
 The trivial events of nights and days,
 The griefs that darken and the hopes that shine,
 The pleasant place and the stormy ways,
 Are hints and heralds of eternal things,
 Inflowings from the tide of the Divine!

JOHN HALL INGHAM, *August*, 1895

JULY 13

Foolishness, radicalism, morbidity are marks of promising youth, the obvious signs of inward ferment. We should rejoice to find them. They are among the indications of spiritual growth.

ROBERT M. GAY, *January*, 1917

JULY 14

A room without flowers in summer is as devoid of character and charm as a man without a necktie.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *July*, 1919

JULY 15

Those lives are, indeed, narrow and confined which are not blessed with several children. Every branch the tree puts out lays it open more to the storms and tempests of life; it lays it open also to the light and the sunshine, and to the singing and the mating birds. A childless life is a tree without branches, a house without windows.

JOHN BURROUGHS, *May, 1912*

JULY 16

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *February, 1858*

JULY 17

If Democracy, and especially our own democracy, is to prove itself ultimately worthy of the stupendous sacrifices which have been gladly rendered in its name, if it is to actualize the potentialities of a situation unique in the world's history, it must first develop a deeper sense of individual responsibility, and then call to the direction of its affairs a far higher type of administrative capacity than it has been content with in the past.

ARTHUR D. LITTLE, *March, 1919*

JULY 18

I have known learned gentlewomen so exquisitely fine in manner that I can but believe that it would be possible to hold fast the older standards in regard to conduct and bearing, while permitting the wider opportunity in occupation and achievement.

"FUTURIST MANNERS," *September, 1913*

JULY 19

There persists much of the harem in every well-regulated home. In every house arranged to make a real man really happy, that man remains always a visitor, welcomed, honored, but perpetually a guest.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April, 1915*

JULY 20

That which counts in the character of nations, as of men, is their motives. . . . What we want to understand, for the love of everything human, is the spirit that prompts her aspirations.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER, *July, 1919*

JULY 21

The mission of the dog — I say it with all reverence — is the same as the mission of Christianity, namely, to teach mankind that the universe is ruled by love.

HENRY C. MERWIN, *January, 1910*

JULY 22

It would be hard to put more mental and moral philosophy than the Persians have thrown into a sentence:

“Fooled thou must be, though wisest of the wise:
Then be the fool of virtue, not of vice.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *November, 1857*

JULY 23

A man with few friends is only half-developed; there are whole sides of his nature which are locked up, and have never been expressed.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, *December, 1912*

JULY 24

How often those who cannot meet without bitterness pity each other! — all together they are missing a common happiness; willingly would they forgive each other for all bitter things said, but they cannot forbear saying them.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *December, 1919*

JULY 25

Education is the only cure for certain diseases the modern world has engendered, but if you don't find the disease, the remedy is superfluous.

JOHN BUCHAN, *January, 1920*

JULY 26

Walking is not merely moving two legs rhythmically over certain intervals of ground. It is the primal and the only way to know the world, the deliberate entering into an inheritance, whose parts are wind and weather, sky and prospect, men and animals, and all vital enjoyment.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *December, 1910*

JULY 27

When as an absentee landlord I run up to my ragged, unkempt acres on a New Hampshire hilltop, I love to read the book of Proverbs with its insistence on a sleepless industry.

"I went by the field of the slothful . . . and lo! it was all grown over with thorns; and nettles had covered the face thereof and the stone wall thereof was broken down."

What a perfect description of my estate!

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *August, 1914*

JULY 28

To withhold from a child some knowledge — apportioned to his understanding — of the world's sorrows and wrongs is to cheat him of his kinship with humanity.

AGNES REPPLIER, *March, 1917*

JULY 29

We are all coming to see that there should be no stifling of Labor by Capital, or of Capital by Labor; and also that there should be no stifling of Labor by Labor, or of Capital by Capital.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *January, 1916*

JULY 30

The grace of God, if we will to accept it, is supreme and omnipotent in us, and it comes to us, not as a reward for past virtue, but because we will to accept it now.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *July, 1919*

JULY 31

The face of the fields is as changeful as the face of a child. Every passing wind, every shifting cloud, every calling bird, every baying hound, every shape, shadow, fragrance, sound, and tremor, are so many emotions reflected there.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *August, 1909*

AUGUST 1

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *December, 1857*

AUGUST 2

Give us a little joy, O World,
 We are so young and strong,
 So fit for love's sweet usages,
 For laughter and for song;
 O World, our joy is in thy hand,
 Withholden long and long.

Life called us, not desire for life,
 And we obedient came;
 Were blindfolded set, not knowing why,
 To play Fate's losing game
 For foolish stakes, a crust of bread,
 Or still retreating fame.

Each holds a dream within her heart
 Of future or of past,
 A dream of mother, lover, child,
 Too poignant-sweet to last,
 A mirage dim in dimming eyes,
 We know,— but hold it fast.

HELEN M. BULLIS, *July*, 1900

AUGUST 3

Friendship is to have the latchkey of another's mind.

EDGAR J. GOODSPEED, *March*, 1919

AUGUST 4

A useful definition of liberty is obtainable only by seeking the principle of liberty in the main business of human life, that is to say, in the process by which men educate their response and learn to control their environment.

WALTER LIPPMANN, *November*, 1919

AUGUST 5

It is not considered good form for a man to talk much about himself.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *August*, 1909

AUGUST 6

My socialist friends may be wrong in thinking that they have read rightly the riddle of social life ; but they are not nearly so wrong as those who deny that the riddle exists; and to me the surprising thing is, not the existence of radicalism, but its restraint.

CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL, *May*, 1919

AUGUST 7

To say that it is woman's task to make the home is to miss its most exquisite meaning. No one of the group can make the home, though any one can mar it. It must be made by all, for the uses of all.

ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE, *November*, 1915

AUGUST 8

The function of the true peace advocate is not to deplore war, but to help make peace interesting; to create a peace that shall meet war on its own terms and outbid it; a peace that shall answer the normal and proper demands of the human spirit at least as well as war now answers them.

ALBERT J. NOCK, *May*, 1915

AUGUST 9

Common sense teaches that there is no one branch of human art or science in which perfection is not a point forever receding.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *September*, 1865

AUGUST 10

The truest tribute to the dead is not to praise him, but to practice the principle for which his life was great.

MORRIS SCHAFF, *August*, 1909

AUGUST 11

All day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
 All night to hear it plunging on the shore,
 In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
 I cannot ask for more.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, *October*, 1879

AUGUST 12

At this very moment, when this rainfall resounds in the sky of the evening, it hides from us its aspect of action. In this silent meeting of darkness, it throws no hint of its busy mission of supplying each blade of grass and each leaf of the tree with their nourishment.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, *July*, 1913

AUGUST 13

When friends forsake, and fortune, in despite
 Of Thy rich bounty, strips me to the wind,
 With eye undimmed, I mark their faithless flight,
 Because in Thee a refuge still I find.
 To them Thy love I may not tell or teach,
 Lest they bemock, not me, but Thee through me;
 What Thou dost give I may not give to speech,
 Because in deeds my speech must ever be.
 Oh, let me live so that my life will show
 That I have treasure that they know not of;
 So if, through envy, they would seek to know
 And rob my secret, they will learn Thy love;
 For thus the glory will be ever Thine,
 And the reward of faithful service mine.

PETER MCARTHUR, *June*, 1901

AUGUST 14

A belligerent depends for his equilibrium upon a sustained opposition. Let the opposition collapse, and he finds himself in the awkward posture of one whose opponent in a tug-of-war has suddenly let go.

'DEMobilized PROFESSOR,' *April*, 1919

AUGUST 15

The loneliness of greatness is the price men make the genius pay for posthumous renown.

MORRIS SCHAFF, *August*, 1909

AUGUST 16

... There is far too much talk of love and grief numbing the faculties, turning the hair gray, and destroying a man's interest in his work. Grief has made many a man look younger.

WILLIAM MCFEE, *January*, 1920

AUGUST 17

Life is significant and happy much in proportion as it is interesting; and it is interesting exactly in proportion to personal capacity for laying hold upon it — to the finer consciousness of its import and appeal.

MARGARET BALDWIN, *July*, 1918

AUGUST 18

Life is not first lived and then understood; it is poorly lived till understood; when well understood, life begins a new career of achievement and worth.

REV. GEORGE A. GORDON, *April*, 1910

AUGUST 19

Can great poetry be written out of hatred? And its not only yourself it hurts; it hurts other people: harms them, I mean. It spreads a mood of darkness and fever, just when they are so in need of light and calm.

ANNA DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, *August*, 1919

AUGUST 20

If the classes in this country could get acquainted, it would not solve all problems, but it would save us a deal of trouble.

CLYDE L. DAVIS, *November*, 1919

AUGUST 21

The true end of American education is the knowledge and practice of democracy, whatever other personal ends an education may serve.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *November*, 1919

AUGUST 22

It is not necessary to go to the forest for adventures: they lie in wait for us at our very doors.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR., *August*, 1918

AUGUST 23

The greatest obstacles to the speedy Americanization of "foreigners" are the ridicule of, contempt for, and prejudice against them on the part of native Americans.

JOHN KULAMER, *March*, 1920

AUGUST 24

He who undertakes a Chautauqua circuit may be able to contribute little to the education of his audiences; but let him be assured that if he is open-minded, they will do much toward his own education.

IDA M. TARBELL, *May*, 1917

AUGUST 25

Amid the clamor of the street
 The fancy often fills
 With far-off thoughts; I live again
 Among the streams and hills.

WILLIAM A. DUNN, *November*, 1897

AUGUST 26

Our education as a people is that of the secondary schools. In them, more than in any other American institution, more than in all other American institutions, are the issues of an enlightened national life; issues no longer national merely, for the war has made them vital to the life of the world.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *November, 1919*

AUGUST 27

How many people think the world is drab-colored and life a failure, and so have done or said something they regret all their lives, when a vegetable pill or a brisk walk would have changed their vision completely!

AN AMERICAN OFFICER, *April, 1918*

AUGUST 28

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
 Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
 Our hearts, in glad surprise,
 To higher levels rise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, *November, 1857*

AUGUST 29

It is well to be wise in a great moment.

ARTHUR D. LITTLE, *January, 1919*

AUGUST 30

What means this sense of lateness that so comes over one now, as if the rest of the year were down hill? How early in the year it begins to be late.

THOREAU'S JOURNAL, *May*, 1905

AUGUST 31

The grief that is but feigning,
And weeps melodious tears
Of delicate complaining
From self-indulgent years;
The mirth that is but madness,
And has no inward gladness
Beneath its laughter, straining
To capture thoughtless ears;

The love that is but passion
Of amber-scented lust;
The doubt that is but fashion;
The faith that has no trust; —
These Thamyris disperses,
In the Valley of Vain Verses,
Below the Mount Parnassian,
And they crumble into dust.

HENRY VAN DYKE, *October*, 1910

SEPTEMBER 1

Is, then, September come so soon?
 Full time doth summer ne'er abide?
 While yet it seems but summer's noon,
 We're floating down the autumn tide.

EUNICE E. COMSTOCK, *October*, 1873

SEPTEMBER 2

The human reason cannot compass the thought of God any more than it can compass the thought of infinity. It plays with the thought of infinity; but it falls away crippled from the thought of God.

CORNELIA THROOP GEER, *June*, 1919

SEPTEMBER 3

Has any woman ever attained such greatness that, at the mention of her name, we think of the books she wrote before we think of the woman she was?

WINIFRED KIRKLAND, *July*, 1916

SEPTEMBER 4

One man fails in one way, another in another; but we all fail, and we have no right to say that another man's, or another nation's failure is worse than our own.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *December*, 1919

SEPTEMBER 5

We should praise our friends,— our near and dear ones; we should look on and think of their virtues till their faults fade away; and when we love most, and see most to love, then only is the wise time wisely to speak of what should still be altered.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *February, 1865*

SEPTEMBER 6

September's slender crescent grows again,
 Distinct in yonder peaceful evening-red.
 Clearer the stars are sparkling overhead,
 And all the sky is pure, without a stain.

Cool blows the evening wind from out the west,
 And bows the flowers, the last sweet flowers that
 bloom,—
 Pale asters, many a heavy waving plume
 Of goldenrod, that bends as if opprest.

The summer's songs are hushed. Up the lone shore
 The weary waves wash sadly, and a grief
 Sounds in the wind, like farewells fond and brief.
 The cricket's chirp but makes the silence more.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER, *September, 1865*

SEPTEMBER 7

The apex of my civic pride and personal contentment was reached on the bright September morning when I entered the public school. The importance of the day was a hundred times magnified, on account of the years I had waited, the road I had come, and the conscious ambitions I entertained.

MARY ANTIN, *January*, 1912

SEPTEMBER 8

When the sunshine filled the sky,
 And the days were long,
 Then we went, my heart and I,
 Hunting, with a song,
 For a Sigh.

Now, when all the nights are long,
 And the winds are high,
 Go we, though with faith less strong,
 Hunting, with a sigh,
 For a Song.

MARGARET VANDERGRIFT, *August*, 1901

SEPTEMBER 9

A life well lost is better than a death well won.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON, *July*, 1909

SEPTEMBER 10

Wholly successful conversation is possible only with the very limited number who are akin to us.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, *July*, 1919

SEPTEMBER 11

It is a cad's trick to declare war until one is absolutely certain that one is not cheating one single helpless baby out of its feeding-bottle.

REBECCA WEST, *January*, 1916

SEPTEMBER 12

Shadows lie dark on the hillside,
 Sunshine lies warm on the shore,
 But the goldenrod waves in his pride,
 And the clover blooms no more;
 Gone are white blossoms of May,
 Their robe is a purple leaf;
 And the corn stands ripe in his sheaf,
 For summer is gliding away.

ANNIE FIELDS, *September*, 1871

SEPTEMBER 13

We have built up a society on fear and punishment, and then we wonder that we are as far from happiness as ever.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *December*, 1919

SEPTEMBER 14

Moreover, when man is well and prosperous and full of himself, there seems to be little room for God; but when his prosperous world comes suddenly to an end, it leaves within him a vacuum of despair, into which the Spirit may pour itself. Perhaps also we hold too cheaply beliefs for which we are never called upon to die.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE, *December*, 1917

SEPTEMBER 15

THE SUN-DIAL

Follow the Sun as I; His favour keep;
Nor fear the night that cometh; sweet is sleep.

BEATRICE W. RAVENEL, *July*, 1917

SEPTEMBER 16

The final test of success, whatever the "practical" world may say to the contrary, does not altogether consist in "getting there."

MARTHA BAKER DUNN, *June*, 1908

SEPTEMBER 17

I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *November*, 1857

T H E A T L A N T I C

SEPTEMBER 18

If afternoon teas had started in the Oligocene Epoch, instead of the seventeenth century, we are convinced that evolution, far from discarding that useful appendage, the tail, would have perfected it. A little hand would have evolved at the end of it — such a one as might hold his saucer, while a gentleman sips from his teacup.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *October, 1917*

SEPTEMBER 19

When a man says to me, wistfully, "I want to go to the mountains, but I suppose we'll go to the seashore," I understand; I know precisely where he wishes to go. He wishes to go fishing. There is community of spirit between us. We could both be happy on a cat-boat, but would both be miserable on a board-walk.

ROBERT M. GAY, *May, 1918*

SEPTEMBER 20

A few can make money by shrewd trading, or by improving some unusual opportunity, but the majority of men can hope to amass wealth only by self-denial and hard, persistent toil.

CLYDE L. DAVIS, *October, 1919*

SEPTEMBER 21

I know not what a day may bring;
For now 't is Sorrow that I sing,
 And now 't is Joy.
In both a Father's hand I see;
For one renews the Man in me,
 And one the Boy.

JOHN B. TABB, *September, 1909*

SEPTEMBER 22

Two great flails, Time and Chance, or Time and Destiny, beat down on the groaning centuries, and the wheat and the chaff get separated. So much suffering, so much bewilderment, so much failure — and so much courage.

EDWARD YEOMANS, *March, 1920*

SEPTEMBER 23

I believe that, bad as the present condition of society might be, anarchism would be infinitely worse; but I saw no reason to scoff at either socialism or anarchism. To me, standing face to face with the crude facts of life, even the most radical reformer seemed safer and saner than the satisfied believer in things as they are.

CECIL FAIRFIELD LAVELL, *May, 1919*

SEPTEMBER 24

The day is none too short, the night none too long;
but all too narrow is the edge between.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *October*, 1909

SEPTEMBER 25

In the last analysis, a bore bores because he keeps us from something more interesting than himself. He becomes a menace to happiness in proportion as the span of life is shortened by an increasing number of things to do and places to go between crib and coffin.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April*, 1917

SEPTEMBER 26

The making of money, the accumulation of material power, is not all there is to living. Life is something more than those two things, and the man who misses this truth misses the greatest joy and satisfaction that can come into his life — that is, from service to others.

EDWARD BOK, *September*, 1920

SEPTEMBER 27

We may live without painters
Or writers or mummers,
But civilized man cannot
Live without plumbers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April*, 1918

SEPTEMBER 28

I have sat at mat with many a financial king and dined to the music of many an orchestra, but the best meals I ever ate were the ones that mother served.

CLYDE L. DAVIS, *October*, 1919

SEPTEMBER 29

Of what benefit is a mine of love burning where it warms nobody; does nothing but blister the soul within with its imprisoned heat? Love repressed grows morbid, acts in a thousand perverse ways.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, *April*, 1865

SEPTEMBER 30

The nobility of a people lies, not in its capacity for war, but in its capacity for peace. It is indeed only because the nations are incapable of the one that they plunge so readily into the other.

G. LOWES DICKINSON, *April*, 1915

OCTOBER 1

It is by observing some of the most trivial acts of human beings that we understand the most divine, and by appreciating the simplest works of God that we love the complex.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *January*, 1919

OCTOBER 2

Red springs the rye,
 As autumn days decline,
 And from the brilliant sky
 Less florid splendors shine.

Its airy lustrous line
 The gossamer displays,
 And faintly breathes the pine
 In autumn days.

WILLIAM HOWITT, *April, 1876*

OCTOBER 3

Oh, wisdom of the gods that made us! When the
 dog-cart of life at which we tug mires utterly, we still
 can slip the collar.

CLYDE L. DAVIS, *November, 1919*

OCTOBER 4

Society does not love its unmaskers.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, *November, 1857*

OCTOBER 5

You can graft a good apple on a poor apple tree, but
 you cannot graft a good apple on even a good walnut
 tree or cherry tree.

EDWARD YEOMANS, *March, 1920*

OCTOBER 6

No man has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something to it: either he must make its people better or happier, or he must make the face of the world more beautiful or fairer to look at.

EDWARD BOK, *September*, 1920

OCTOBER 7

The Christian doctrine that we should love each other is not merely a command laid upon us by a God utterly and unintelligibly superior to us all: it is also the counsel of our own hearts, and that is why we know that it is divine.

ARTHUR CLUTTON-BROCK, *December*, 1919

OCTOBER 8

The garden still is green
 And green the trees around,
 But the winds are roaring overhead
 And branches strew the ground.

And today on the garden pool
 Floated an autumn leaf;
 How rush the seasons, rush the years,
 And, oh, how life is brief.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER, *July*, 1908

OCTOBER 9

To say that romance resides in the old, the unusual, and the remote, will do well enough for young people: for them it does so. . . . But as we grow older, supposing that we have not given up the search for it as unprofitable, we come more and more, I think, to seek it in the near, the present, and the familiar. And sometimes we discover it in the most unlikely places.

ROBERT M. GAY, *October*, 1919

OCTOBER 10

The man in front drives like mad all day, and the ladies sit still and look at the scenery. Man at the wheel has no time for that. When they stop for the night, he's too tired for conversation.

'THE AUTOMOBILIST,' *December*, 1917

OCTOBER 11

Somewhere in the back of every man's mind there dwells a strange, wistful desire to be thought a Perfect Gentleman. And this is much to his credit, for the Perfect Gentleman, as thus wistfully contemplated, is a high ideal of human behaviour, although, in the narrower but honest admiration of many, he is also a Perfect Ass.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *July*, 1919

OCTOBER 12

What does it all mean, this rise and fall of reputations? Stevenson has gone, and Kipling, I suppose, has gone. Does any one now read Kipling? And Swinburne has gone, since his biographers refuse to keep his fame alive by revealing the piquant scandals of his life. And William Morris, with all his upholstery, has gone — to some shadowy Elysium, let us hope. Indeed, are any of the Pre-Raphaelites left?

CHAUNCEY B. TINKER, *August*, 1918

OCTOBER 13

To a brain wearied by the din of the city, the clatter of wheels, the jingle of street cars, the discord of bells, the cries of venders, the ear-splitting whistles of factory and shop, how refreshing is the heavenly stillness of the country! To the soul tortured by the sight of ills it cannot cure, wrongs it cannot right, and sufferings it cannot relieve, how blessed to be alone with nature, with trees living free, unfettered lives, and flowers content each in its native spot, with brooks singing of joy and good cheer, with mountains preaching divine peace and rest!

OLIVE THORN MILLER, *May*, 1895

OCTOBER 14

For what we have received, O God,
 We give thee grace!
Our tide of fortune was at flood;
 We were content to live for gains;
Our flesh was flaccid, and our blood
 But tamely tintured in our veins.
Thou sawest and didst lift thy rod:
For what we have received, O God,
 We give thee grace!

We offer thanks, we give thee grace,
 O Lord, our God,
For all thy measure of success,
 Thy light, thy strength, thy guiding hand!
And now we call on thee to bless
 Our tested and triumphant land.
Meek make our hearts, lest thou shouldst trace
 There "Ichabod."
We offer thanks, we give thee grace,
 O Lord, our God!

JULIE M. LIPPMANN, *March*, 1899

OCTOBER 15

Democracy must recognize classes. It recognizes a diversity of gifts, a diversity of opportunities, and a diversity of responsibilities. It recognizes a diversity of social standards, of families, of homes.

EDWARD WILSON PARMELEE, *January, 1920*

OCTOBER 16

Who does not do some creative work with brain or hands lives a mendicant, dies a pauper, and lies buried in the Potter's field, no matter what mausoleum marks his tomb.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *November, 1919*

OCTOBER 17

For when thought becomes socially hazardous, men spend more time wondering about the hazard than they do in developing their thought.

WALTER LIPPMANN, *November, 1919*

OCTOBER 18

The cry of "no sentiment" is indeed a sinister thing, for it is the sure sign that the meanest sentiments are *de facto* in possession.

L. P. JACKS, *September, 1919*

OCTOBER 19

Sensationalism may succeed for a time, or temporary prosperity be attained by unworthy methods; but, given a field of suitable size and not over-filled, trained and enlightened effort in daily journalism, if sufficiently equipped with faith and financial resources to go through the preliminary struggle, will usually succeed in America.

CHARLES H. GRASTY, *November, 1919*

OCTOBER 20

A world is to be reconstructed. A new social mansion is to be reared. Which shall be the architect, evolution and its certainties, or revolution with its vague, ineffable dreams? The future of history waits upon the answer.

HERBERT WILTON STANLEY, *March, 1919*

OCTOBER 21

Prosperous people are apt to lose their sympathy for the forlorn and unsuccessful, but those who have not succeeded are in touch with all sorrow and failure and misery; and the unsuccessful class is such a large one that to belong to it implies a freemasonry with nine-tenths of the world.

ELIZA ORNE WHITE, *May, 1895*

OCTOBER 22

Blessed are the poor, for they shall not keep up appearances. Neither must they read the books that are written about them.

'NEW VERSION OF A BEATITUDE,' *January*, 1918

OCTOBER 23

There is but one bond of peace that is both permanent and enriching: the increasing knowledge of the world in which experiment occurs.

WALTER LIPPMANN, *November*, 1919

OCTOBER 24

Nothing except life itself is so interesting as life as it is imagined.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *January*, 1920

OCTOBER 25

The destiny of roses is to bear

Their scarlet fruit through drear autumnal rain,
And hold upon the crystal drifting air

Of winter days the cups that pour again
New springtime loveliness for earth to wear,

When all the verdure now her bounds enclose
Is gone forever, lily with the tare,

For this our Lord loves not a barren rose.

GERTRUDE BARTLETT, *April*, 1912

T H E A T L A N T I C

OCTOBER 26

The true patriot is the man who can eat an imitation beefsteak, with a smile on his face, and tell the woman who prepared it that it is as good as the real thing.

MRS. A. BURNETT-SMITH, *June*, 1918

OCTOBER 27

Summer resorts may not have been invented by women, but they would have short shrift in a womanless world.

ROBERT M. GAY, *May*, 1918

OCTOBER 28

What can an individual do but just distribute such little gifts as he has to give, which increase the chances for happiness by increasing the appetite for — the things of the Spirit.

EDWARD YEOMANS, *March*, 1920

OCTOBER 29

Very nearly every rich man looks upon a man who has not made money as having made a failure — unless he has gained fame. Even then, the moneyed man doubts the claims of a fame which has not received financial recognition.

'WRITTEN BUT NEVER SENT,' *December*, 1919

OCTOBER 30

Progress, in the lexicon of Liberalism, is a process of accumulation; it proceeds slowly, but unendingly. We may not find the gold today, but we shall not pettishly scorn the silver.

HERBERT WILTON STANLEY, *March*, 1919

OCTOBER 31

More education and a more democratic education is our great national need. Governments are not safe in the hands of any single class — a democracy, of all governments, the least safe.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *November*, 1919

NOVEMBER 1

Mankind does not abandon faith, but merely transfers it through the ages from one set of objects to another.

ROBERT KILBURN ROOT, *July*, 1912

NOVEMBER 2

That life shall aye endure,
Beyond the passing breath,
I know no proof secure,
Save death.

MARGARET SHERWOOD, *December*, 1919

T H E A T L A N T I C

NOVEMBER 3

What we want in this modern democracy of ours is not more fighters or more blindly loyal followers, not even an increase of wise leaders: it is more able, co-operative, wide-seeing workers, each capable in his own line and ready to recognize and aid the capacity of others.

ANONYMOUS, *March*, 1920

NOVEMBER 4

Good sense, good will, sincerity, self-restraint, and social cohesion reside in a nation just in proportion to the real democracy of feeling that is shown its boys and girls in the nursery and the school.

ANONYMOUS, *March*, 1920

NOVEMBER 5

In great matters men show themselves as they wish to be seen; in small matters, as they are.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, *July*, 1919

NOVEMBER 6

In democracy there should be one thing that money cannot buy, that influence cannot buy, that worth alone can buy — and that thing is Education.

E. W. PARMELEE, *January*, 1920

NOVEMBER 7

I hear songs — lullaby songs of the trees. . . . I am happy listening to the twilight music of God's good world. I'm real glad I'm alive.

OPAL WHITELEY, *March*, 1920

NOVEMBER 8

Democracy knows that every man's interest, rightly used, helps every other man's, and that men are never natural enemies.

ANONYMOUS, *March*, 1920

NOVEMBER 9

Nothing matters so very much after all, if a man only plays a man's part.

'UP FROM INSANITY,' *November*, 1919

NOVEMBER 10

Nobody is particularly satisfied with the social scheme in which we live today, but that is not to the point. Like a recent tariff schedule, it is the best any one has a right to expect. If it does not suit you, spin about you, out of your consciousness, a world more to your liking.

W. M. GAMBLE, *December*, 1912

NOVEMBER 11

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve
Of our relief, Peace, and Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the Past, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming dead of all they died to win.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *October, 1919*

NOVEMBER 12

It is the little things that count. What is it that keeps the earth fruitful — that is, that keeps the soil which we depend on for producing vegetable life from becoming sodden and unproductive? Earth worms!

EDWARD YEOMANS, *March, 1920*

NOVEMBER 13

Conscientiousness is a good trait, but there is perhaps more of the joy of life in some other qualities.

ZEPHINE HUMPHREY, *July, 1909*

NOVEMBER 14

True democracy must have leaders; and the better the leaders, the better the democracy. These leaders must be men of the most gracious and sincere manners, the most cultivated imagination, the finest self-sacrifice, the highest ideals.

EDWARD WILSON PARMELEE, *January, 1920*

Y E A R B O O K

NOVEMBER 15

Since time immemorial there has been the belief that the spirit, before it enters the world, pulling the dark veil of time and matter over the eyes, has chosen its entry with a foreknowledge of what that period in life is to hold.

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE, *December, 1917*

NOVEMBER 16

Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If he finds the job where he can be of use, he is hitched to the star of the world, and moves with it.

RICHARD C. CABOT, *November, 1913*

NOVEMBER 17

It is worth while to travel now and then, if only to find ourselves better off at home.

BRADFORD TORREY, *February, 1896*

NOVEMBER 18

I never feel important in the presence of the little furred and feathered visitors in my garden, but then, they never humiliate me or nag me, and though they interpret much, they are not omniscient, forever trying to interpret it all.

LUCY ELLIOT KEELER, *July, 1913*

T H E A T L A N T I C

NOVEMBER 19

There is an old refrain which runs, "Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies." I am inclined to think that it is full of social philosophy. Most of us, probably, have put up our hardest fights for veracity on occasions when questions have been asked us that never should have been asked.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD, *October, 1913*

NOVEMBER 20

When once you get accustomed to the idea that you may be dead in a day, or in an hour, or in a minute, and when you are clear as to your future, your mood is relieved from constant depression. Involuntarily you become kind and helpful to those about you, you do not get vexed over trifles, you are ready to make all kinds of sacrifices.

ANONYMOUS, *August, 1917*

NOVEMBER 21

One of the curious superstitions of friendship is that we somehow choose our friends. To the connoisseur in friendship no idea could be more amazing and incredible. Our friends are chosen for us by some hidden law of sympathy, and not by our conscious wills.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, *December, 1912*

NOVEMBER 22

Of all pleasures, none is so satisfying as the full enjoyment of our common humanity: It loosens the swaddling clothes that wrap us round; it alone gives us freedom.

HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK, *February*, 1913

NOVEMBER 23

The mystery of suffering is more lucid than the fact of well-being.

ELIZABETH DUDLEY, *September*, 1916

NOVEMBER 24

It is a great office to make life pleasant; to make it worth living. So far as it is done, it is done chiefly by women, but not by women whose motto is "Women for women," or "Every woman for herself."

EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN, *June*, 1917

NOVEMBER 25

The charm of memory lies, I think, in the quality which it gives things, at once of intimacy and remoteness. The fascination to us of recalling our past selves, our former surroundings, lies in our sense that they are absolutely known to us, yet absolutely out of our reach.

ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE, *October*, 1912

NOVEMBER 26

The plain truth is that adventure consists less in the experiences one actually has than in the indefatigable expectancy with which one awaits them.

EDGAR J. GOODSPEED, *August, 1917*

NOVEMBER 27

Friends do not always talk of what is nearest to them. Friendship requires that there be an open channel between friends, but it does not demand that that channel be the deepest in our nature.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, *December, 1912*

NOVEMBER 28

It has been said of the prophet Daniel that he went with the greater willingness to the den of lions because he knew that he would not be called upon for an after-dinner speech.

BURGESS JOHNSON, *October, 1919*

NOVEMBER 29

Creative spirits always anticipate the course of events. They do not wait for the *dawn* of a new era. They resolutely begin the new era at the moment when they see that the old era is ended.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *January, 1919*

NOVEMBER 30

It took the Almighty ages upon ages to evolve an animal that could fly, a bird, and it has taken ages and ages longer to evolve a human being that can fly; but if we, learning at last to fly, have not learned, also, more nobly to aspire and to live, the birds who have taken the short cut to aviation have the advantage over us.

JOHN H. FINLEY, *April*, 1913

DECEMBER 1

Enthusiasm is the thing which makes the world go round. Without its driving power nothing worth doing has ever been done. Love, friendship, religion, altruism, devotion to career or hobby,— all these, and most of the other good things in life, are forms of enthusiasm.

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER, *July*, 1914

DECEMBER 2

Religion is either of profound and immediate concern to men, because it affects their present relation to the ultimate facts of the world, or it is worthless. Hence, nothing can excuse a willing obscuration of possible literalities by figures of speech, or a veiling of actual issues in the haze of romantic distances.

WILLIAM ERNEST HOCKING, *September*, 1918

DECEMBER 3

After all, you can have a house without a man in it if you are quite sure you want to, but you cannot have a home without one. You cannot make a home out of women alone, or men alone; you have to mix them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *April*, 1915

DECEMBER 4

In his proper office, the poet is a prophet, an interpreter of racial emotion, and poetry is a still pool, reflecting the ambitions and despairs, the admirations and the contempts of mankind.

GERALD CHITTENDEN, *April*, 1919

DECEMBER 5

It hath been told me that if one start not with a hope beyond, one will not find it by the way. Can a man hit a mark at which he hath not aim?

MARGARET SHERWOOD, *September*, 1919

DECEMBER 6

Popular government is not in itself a panacea; it is no better than any other form, except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *January*, 1869

DECEMBER 7

For a brief spell I savor the pleasure of the seafaring life. It occurs to me that this explains in part the enigmatic affability which the great occasionally display. They have a sudden vision of life as a whole, and for one brief instant they become human and smile.

WILLIAM MCFEE, *September*, 1919

DECEMBER 8

Never lose an opportunity of making a child happy; it is often beyond your power to make a grown man or woman happy; but a child you can always make happy.

EDWARD STRACHEY, *December*, 1894

DECEMBER 9

Superiority in a woman is an attraction that too often turns into what most repels.

PAUL ELMER MORE, *July*, 1908

DECEMBER 10

Thank God for rest, where none molest,
And none can make afraid,—
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest,
Beneath the homestead shade!

J. G. WHITTIER, *November*, 1865

DECEMBER 11

When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *January*, 1860

DECEMBER 12

He is no true lover of the woods who ceases to go to them when the leaves have dropped away, and the garrulous dryad has retired to sleep. I would know my friends in their adversity and hardihood.

EDITH M. THOMAS, *February*, 1882

DECEMBER 13

True social feeling, true warmth and cordiality, naturally expresses itself in words, and is strengthened by the expression.

ANONYMOUS, *August*, 1865

DECEMBER 14

Most young boys whom we actually know, most of our own small sons and brothers, are supersensitive and most endearingly dependent upon sympathy and praise and comprehension from those about him.

'Boys,' *March*, 1920

DECEMBER 15

This buoyancy of spirit which dwells confidently in the morrow, even before the dawn has come, is natural to Americans. It is part of the national temperament. It has been developed through contact with the vast resources of a continent which has yielded its treasures to adventurous industry.

SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS, *June*, 1919

DECEMBER 16

Set wine on the table
 And bread on the plate;
Cast logs on the ashes,
 And reverent wait.

The wine of love's sweetness
 Set out in thy breast,
And the white bread of welcome,
 To comfort the Guest.

S. WEIR MITCHELL, *January*, 1885

DECEMBER 17

Life is a Wonder and a Marvel, and before the Wonder our reason can do nothing.

'THE MAGIC TABLE,' *February*, 1920

DECEMBER 18

For my part, I am not so sure at bottom that man is, as he says, the king of nature; he is far more its devastating tyrant. I believe he has many things to learn from animal societies, older than his own and of infinite variety.

ROMAIN ROLLAND, *May*, 1919

DECEMBER 19

I have observed, in many years' wanderings and close observation of habits and quirks of men, that there is no pride like unto a fisherman's pride. The pride of pounds. A man would rather be considered a good sportsman than a hero.

MARY GLASCOCK, *April*, 1908

DECEMBER 20

I have longed to make the acquaintance of a "modern girl," that proud, independent girl who has all my sympathy! She who, happy and self-reliant, lightly and alertly steps on her way through life, full of enthusiasm and warm feeling; working, not only for her own well-being and happiness, but for the greater good of humanity as a whole.

RADEN ADJENG KARTINI, *November*, 1919

DECEMBER 21

It is not work that divides masses from classes, and sets worker against employer, nor is it money; it is lack of understanding.

DALLAS LORE SHARP, *November, 1919*

DECEMBER 22

Those persons and things, then, that inspire us to do our best, that make us live at our best, when we are in their presence, that call forth from us our latent and unsuspected personality, that nourish and support that personality,— those are our friends.

RANDOLPH S. BOURNE, *December, 1912*

DECEMBER 23

That which Time retains as precious and imperishable is rather some fine essence of the spirit, some essential personality built up and moulded by preferences, predilections, and prepossessions of a most highly spiritual order. The loves, the desires, the dear delights of men; the returning dreams, the recurrent longings that will not be gainsaid; the dead and long-lost dreamings that revisit the glimpses of our moon — these are indeed the spirits of us, and our immortalities.

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR, *September, 1917*

DECEMBER 24

We shall advance when we have learned humility; when we have learned to seek truth, to reveal it and publish it; when we care more for that than for the privilege of arguing about ideas in a fog of uncertainty.

WALTER LIPPMANN, *December*, 1919

DECEMBER 25

My soul and life a stable are,
Dark, warm within — outside, a star.
Lord Christ, Thy home is high and far.

LAURA SPENCER PORTOR, *December*, 1919

DECEMBER 26

A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, *November*, 1857

DECEMBER 27

Not now for me those riven skies, not now for me a far, faint plain of Bethlehem; but is it not a Christmas gift from one unseen that I still may hear the Christmas angels singing in humble human hearts?

WINIFRED KIRKLAND, *December*, 1911

DECEMBER 28

There is the Song That Has Never Been Sung —
nor ever will be, so the tune is immaterial: —

How jolly it is, of a cold winter morning,
To pop out of bed just a bit before dawning,
And, thinking the while of your jolly cold bath,
To kindle a flame on your jolly cold hearth!

Ah me, it is merry!
Sing derry-down-derry!

Where now is the lark? I am up before him.
I chuckle with glee at this quaint little whim.
I make up the fire — pray Heaven it catches!
But what in the world have they done with the
 matches?

Ah me, it is merry!
Sing derry-down-derry!

RALPH BERGENGREN, *May*, 1919

DECEMBER 29

If the power of Evil has never been so manifest in
the world before as it is today, the power of God has
never been so apparent.

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, *January*, 1918

Y E A R B O O K

DECEMBER 30

It has been many centuries since Marcus Aurelius observed the fretful disquiet of Rome, which must have been strikingly like our fretful disquiet today, and proffered counsel, unheeded then as now: "Take pleasure in one thing and rest in it, passing from one social act to another, thinking of God."

AGNES REPPLIER, *August*, 1910

DECEMBER 31

When the toughs, as we call them,
Grown loving and dutiful,
All worship the good and the true,
And the beautiful,
And, preying no longer, as lions and vultures do,
All read the *Atlantic*, as persons of culture do.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB, *March*, 1920

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